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A Memorial Birthday Poem

TO THE

POET MOORE

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A MEMORIAL BIRTHDAY POEM

TO THE

POET THOMAS MOORE.

DEDICATED TO THE

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA,

AND ITS

KINDRED IRISH ASSOCIATIONS,

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY HENRY H. GOODRICH.

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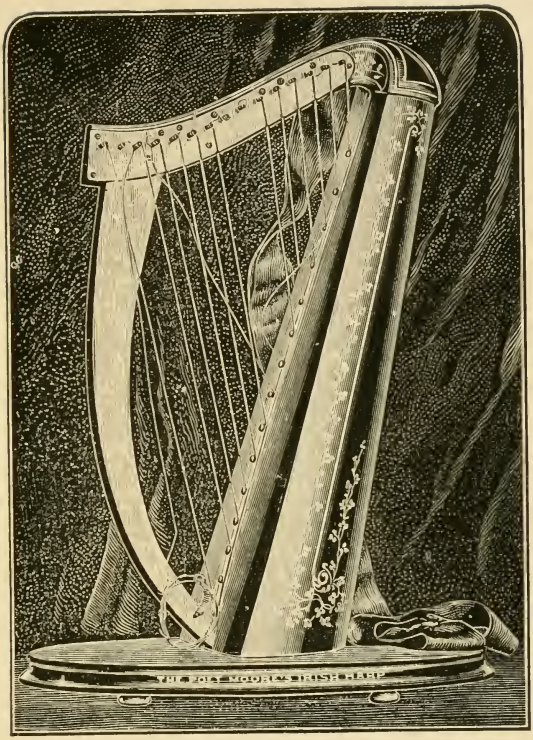


THE POET MOORE'S HARP.

THE PROPERTY OF GEORGE W. CHILDS, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

Where could the poet's harp in silence find
A nobler or a kindlier hand? or where
Its strings, to music now so rarely known,
That once th' enraptured song divine they sung,—
Last Rose of Summer, blooming all alone,—
Should honored be, though voiceless and unstrung?

Vide Stanza XXXVII.

PREFACE.

THE following poem was written with a view of being read at a festival that had been proposed in honor of the poet Moore's birth-day; but whether the festival will or will not occur, it has been thought by the writer, that should it be published in the shape of a small book, at a price so low as to be readily acceded to by the general public, and embellished with some cuts of an interesting character, to give it a more attractive form, it might be made to conduce to an enlargement of the contributions solicited in aid of the promotion of Irish Home Rule, and in defense of her representatives in the Parliament of England, whose liberties of person and character are assailed and imperiled by the despotism of a Tory government, and the unjust and arbitrary bias of a judiciary that universally inclines to the side of power and hereditary privileges, or whenever the rights of the crown or the state are involved.

As long as the remembrance of our boyhood endures, and so long as some of the most popular of Moore's lyrics continue to hold a place in the melody of our land, so will the memory of Moore be cherished by the old who were contemporaneous when he was the idol of song-writers; and esteemed by the young to whom has been transmitted his fame as the author of some of the finest airs and sweetest ballads of our English mother tongue.

It is not alone a sense of humanity that prompts the writer to unite the name of Moore with the sad and oppressed condition of his countrymen in Ireland of to-day, for such in a great measure was their condition in his own time, and which a thousand allusions in his poems fully testify he realized in a painful and despairing sense; but

it is the spirit of the writer's Anglo-Saxon birth, on his father's side, which carries with it an inheritance of name of which none is more common in the Domesday-Book of England, and of which Freeman, in his "*History of the Norman Conquest*," says: "Still there are a few names which have come down to us, names to be cherished wherever the tongue of England is spoken, names which should sound like the call of the trumpet to the ears of every man of English birth;" and, possessing this name, colonized in Puritan New England for not less than two hundred and forty-six years, joined with that on his mother's side of pure Scotch-Irish extraction, resident in Pennsylvania one hundred and forty years, and both of which families were active participants in our Revolution of 1776, and the War of 1812,—a record of ancestry that gives to him a traditional anti-modern English sentiment, and necessarily a desire to promote, though in an humble way, the welfare of a race struggling for emancipation from a despotic yoke, that impedes individual prosperity and national progress. It is, therefore, that he dedicates to the National League of America, and kindred Irish Associations, this birthday memorial poem to Moore.

THE AUTHOR.

IN COMMEMORATION

OF

THE POET MOORE'S BIRTHDAY.

Born at Dublin, May 28, 1779.

"Anacreon Moore,
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long."

DON JUAN, CANTO 1, STANZA 104.

BYRON.

"Boast on, my friend, while in this humble isle,
Where Honor mourns and Freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate; * * * * * * *
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts,
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine."

CORRUPTION.

THOMAS MOORE.

I.

Sweet Bard of Erin! whilst his country sighs,
Laments her low estate and servile chain,
Yet from her soil Antæus-like would rise,[1]
And 'gainst her giant foe contend again,
It is of him, upon his natal day,
We would his cherished memory recall,
And round the festal board his songs essay,
Dear to his country's heart, and dear to all.

II.

Those songs of melody that once awoke
Enraptured visions of his native land,
And deeper, wider sympathies bespoke
For it, touched by the genius of his hand;
Those airs enchanting of his minstrel lyre
That sweetest of his country's fame have sung;
With strains impassioned of poetic fire
O'er Erin's isle a lingering beauty flung.

III.

Sweet glowing charms that ever with her dwell,
And cast a radiant lustre o'er each scene,
A fairy beauty and a mystic spell
That gleam in fancy o'er her bowers of green;
That give to her a cherished memory dear
In every kindred heart of every land,
Inspire her learned, and do her peasants cheer,
With hearts united round their altars stand.

IV.

Those Irish Melodies and airs recall
That widely in far-distant lands are sung,
And on th' enraptured ear so sweetly fall
Where'er is heard the Anglo-Saxon tongue;
Those gentle songs that touch the feeling heart,
And melt with pity every generous soul,
Ennobling nature in her fairest part,
Nor less are dear as time doth o'er them roll.

V.

Those Sacred Songs and Hymns of holy praise
That paraphrase the themes of sacred page,
And are attuned to many an air that raise
Exalted memories of the tuneful sage;
That sing of God's eternal light and power,
His guardian care to all His children dear,
The blessings He bestows on them each hour,
And every soul that supplicates Him here.

VI.

And all those gentle lyrics of his lyre:
The songs of friendship, love, affection, truth,
That tie the heart to heart in fond desire,
Or melt in pity to some hapless ruth;
The soul of constancy where friendship needs,
And faithful most when most the world forsakes;
To truth and honor bound in generous deeds,
And in success their happiness partakes.

VII.

Last Rose of Summer, blooming all alone;
The Meeting Waters of Avoca's Vale;
His Country's Harp he found and made his own;
Sweet Innisfallen's misty isle and veil;
Old Erin's Shamrock green,[2] that of her land,
And bard, and chief, is symbol that is best,
That trefoil plucked by Patrick's sainted hand,
And made her Christian emblem that is blest.

VIII.

Such ballads sweet of gentleness and love
As touch the bosom of the kindly heart,
Thrill it with rapt'rous joy as from above,
Or wring it with sad sorrow's painful dart;
In every impulse that the soul may know,
That springs from human love and sympathy,
Which casts it down with deep affliction's woe,
Or wakens it to sweet felicity.

IX.

These are the emotions that his art portrays,
And speak the effective genius of his muse,
Delight the ear with music of his lays,
And round our hearts a gladsome charm diffuse.
And 'tis not strange they hold so strong a place,
That e'en from youth to manhood's ripened years,
Nought can their charm of melody displace,
So blended are they with our joys and tears.

X.

And oh! remembrance of my boyhood dear
Brings back my sister's voice, now stilled in death,
When she, with melody so sweet and clear,
Sang oft his ballads with enraptured breath;
Oft joined with them that air of our own land,
Not less in fame,—reproving that we roam,—
And wakes responsive to the heart and hand,
The lone and blooming Rose, with Home, Sweet Home.

XI.

His songs of Erin's glory and her shame,
Her chieftain Kings who 'gainst th' invaders led,
And Malachi and Brien Borohome's fame,[3]
And many a chief who for his country bled;
That valiant King, Knight of the Red-Branch fame,
Who won the golden collar and the sword
From champion Danes, who came with brand and flame
To pillage lands by conquest they adored.

XII.

And he, Mononia's King,[4] that chieftain brave,
Who 'gainst the Danes had many battles won,
Yet fell on Clontarf's field, and o'er his grave
Grew dark sad Irish freedom's setting sun;[5]
And darker still, when by internal strife
Kings Roderick and MacMurchad, in their feud
Engendered by Prince Breffni's faithless wife,
Sought England's aid, and were themselves subdued.[6]

XIII.

Those poems, "Corruption" and "Intolerance,"
That satire British policy and creeds,
And show the nation's spirit to advance
Its wealth and power through inglorious deeds;
Ambitious schemes for sovereign power and place
That heed no law but that which serves their end,
And aim at empire, and the rule of race,
Wherever found and can submissive bend.

XIV.

Those fine translations of Anacreon's Odes,
That sing the pleasures of the festal board,
Of Love's bewitching arts in his abodes,
Those moving springs for which he is adored;
The feasts of Bacchus with his rosy train,
Who quaff with noisy mirth th' inebriate bowl,
In ceaseless round of joy, or blissful pain,
That may not cloy or dull th' insatiate soul.

XV.

That Teian Muse, of fair Ionia's isle,
Who dwelt at Samos with Polycrates,[7]
And at his court enjoyed his kingly smile;
There passed his days in luxury and ease,
In soft voluptuousness of love and wine,
And ceaseless pleasures gay and giddy round,
Where mirth and gayety their joys entwine,
And every sweet enchantment by them bound.

XVI.

And when his friend and patron king was dead,
He to Hipparchus came, Athenæ's prince,
And there the same luxurious life he led,
There sang those odes, immortal ever since,
Famed for their beauty, elegance and ease,
Nor unrefined for times in which he lived,
And which the scholar and the lover please,—
Though few extant, yet is his fame derived.

XVII.

Those many other miscellaneous poems,
That speak of current acts and social themes,
As he self-exiled from his country roams [8]
Through many cities, and from Paris reams
Indites of "The Fudge Family," "M. P.,
Or The Blue Stocking," "Two-Penny Post Bag,"
"Loves of the Angels,"—all of which you see
Are poems of wit—the rhymings of a wag.

XVIII.

That Oriental romance, "Lalla Rookh,"
Rich in its varied thought and varied tale,
That tells how she, th' affianced princess, took
Her journey eastward to the Cashmere Vale,
And, leaving Delhi, went with splendid train,
Arrayed in all the grandeur of the East,
Adorned with 'broidered gold and gilded chain
That decked each sable slave or Arab beast.

XIX.

And to beguile the hours of sultry noon,
Or when encamped at night, to seek repose
Beneath the starry sky or crescent moon,
Her unknown lover as a poet chose
To tell the tale of Great Mokanna Chief,
The Moslem Prophet Veiled of Khorassan,
The Koran's priest of fateful, strange belief,—
Th' infatuate creed and curse of Mussulman.

XX.

He who, with chieftain's power and priestly art,
Did work the deed of Zelica's sad fate,
She who in strength of her devoted heart,
And long from Azim's love been separate,
Believed him dead; 'twas then, with crafty power,
He made her priestess of the harem's throng.
But Azim came, and came the fated hour
That sealed the Prophet's death, the maiden's wrong.

XXI.

Again, as on their journey's distant way,
At Sadi's Fount, within the Garden Vale,
The poet guide did still his art essay
To please the princess with the Peri's tale;
She who, one morn, did stand at Eden's gate,
And hear within the spirit's music voice
That called her from earth's sphere, disconsolate,
To blissful Paradise,—the Peri's choice.

A View of Port Royal Harbor from the Heights in rear of Hamilton, the Capital of Bermuda.

Those fairy coral isles, that clustering lie,
With many a placid bay and cove between,
Whose florid beauty with the fairest vie,
And tropic fruits that crown their leafy green.

Vide Stanza XXVI.

XXII.

And on beyond the city of Lahore,
As they approached the city of Cashmere,
Within the Holy Vale, and where of yore
The Persian Fire-Worshipers did rear
Their gilded Temple to the Sun, again
The Poet told a tale of blood and fire,
And such as ever since the Moslem's reign
Began have marked them in their wrathful ire.

XXIII.

That faith which knows no God save Allah Great,
And dooms to vengeful hate, and to the sword,
All those who own not Moslem's blissful fate,
Confess the Koran's sensual creed and word;
And tells how Love, with nobler thought divine,
Can bind the will, the spirit free enchain,
And break all creeds, and holier far can shine,
Though on the funeral pyre of fate is slain.

XXIV.

Thus Hafed, the Fire-Worshipers' bold chief,
Besieged within his Temple's sacred shrine,
That reared its funeral pyre of strange belief,
Touched with a flaming torch the pile divine;
Whilst Hinda, maid of Moslem chief and creed,
From Omar's sea, beheld with glazing eyes
The vision of her lover's fateful deed,
Then sprang beneath the wave no more to rise.

XXV.

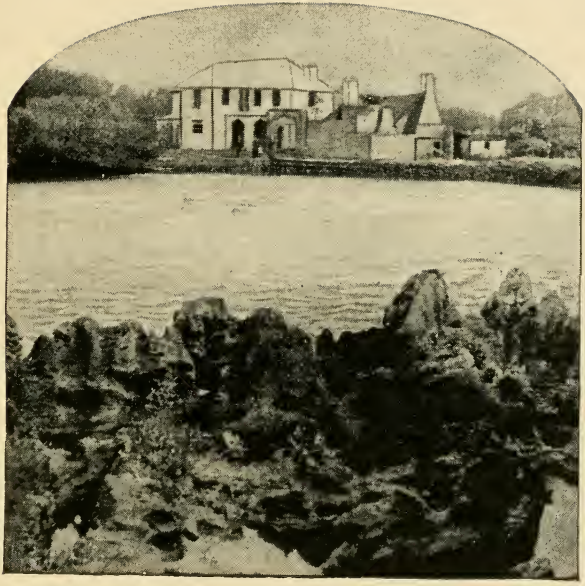
And those "Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems"
He wrote from th' Atlantic's wave and the Azores,
Where crested wave on wave successive foams,
And breaks with sullen roar upon their shores;
Where Pico lifts on high his cloudy head,
Or where "the still and vexed Bermoothes" ride,[9]
The wizard Prospero dwelt, and Ariel sped,[10]
And to the shipwrecked bark laid "unespied."

XXVI.

Those fairy coral isles, that clustering lie,
With many a placid bay and cove between,
Whose florid beauty with the fairest vie,
And tropic fruits that crown their leafy green;
And here officially the Poet roved,
And for a season lingered in these isles,[11]
And with the fervor of his youth he loved
A maid, and sang to her approving smiles.

XXVII.

She, favorite of his stay, his "Nea" dear,—
To her he many a beauteous tribute paid;[12]
And if tradition to the truth be near,
She was, indeed, a sweet, bewitching maid;
With her he roved through many an orange bower,
And sat beneath the calabash's shade,
Whiled there with her an oft-delighted hour,
And to her many a whispered vow he made.



MOORE'S COTTAGE, WALSINGHAM BAY, BERMUDA ISLANDS.

And here officially the Poet roved,
  And for a season lingered in these isles,
And with the fervor of his youth he loved
  A maid, and sang to her approving smiles.

Vide Stanza XXVI.

XXVIII.

And in his odes, addressed to her so dear,
And left as records of his love behind,
How many a verse, descriptive and so clear,
Of fairy scenes within these isles we find;
That he who once has trod their pleasant shores,
Lives o'er again their fragrance and delight,
That living bloom the stranger's heart adores,
Nor unforgotten to his memory's sight.

XXIX.

Those ballads and epistles that he wrote
Descriptive of our own Columbia's land,
Wherein he many things did say of note
That's quite uncomplimentary as they stand;
That ranked our statesmen with the Mohawk brave,
As very rude, uncultured, and uncouth,[13]
And of such common kind as to him gave
Much room for comment on our country's youth.

XXX.

But as Ben Franklin and Beaumont have said,[14]
The Irish peasant's low, impoverished state,
Is worse than that that's in a savage bred,
And saddest of mankind's imbittered fate,
We should with equal justice now forget
His strictures on our land and countrymen,
And with the kindest of remembrance yet
Recall his lovely ballads written then.

XXXI.

That of the "Lonely Lake and Dismal Swamp,"[15]
And where the spirit of the maiden dead,
That all the night, and by the firefly's lamp,
An igneous light the wand'ring lover led,
Through tangled juniper and beds of reed,
And where through marshy ferns the serpents twine,
And on venomous toad and newt they feed,
And drink the poisonous dew of deadly vine.

XXXII.

And when he'd traveled far, through fen and brake,
In search of her, the maid of love so true,
And to the shore had come of deadly lake,
He made of birchen bark a light canoe;
And by the meteor's glare, and the firefly's lamp,
Her soul he followed to the distant shore,
Till in its waters, dark, and deep, and damp,
He sank with her beneath to rise no more.

XXXIII.

And by our own beloved, romantic stream,
The Schuylkill wand'ring through its banks of green,
Upon whose tranquil breast reflected gleam
The beauteous verdant landscape's neighb'ring scene,
Where for a time he lived, beside it roved,[16]
That gave to one fond spot a name endeared,
A ling'ring charm, that's more and more beloved
As time doth hallow that that is revered.

Moore's Cottage, on Schuylkill River, Fairmount Park.

'Tis here his cottage stands, 'neath shelt'ring shade,
With low hipped-roof, and walls of rustic stone,
That may not crumble soon, nor shapeless fade,
But long memorial be.

Vide Stanza XXXIV.

XXXIV.

'Tis here his cottage stands, 'neath shelt'ring shade,
With low hipped-roof, and walls of rustic stone,
That may not crumble soon, nor shapeless fade,
But long memorial be, where, wand'ring lone,
Those lines he wrote descriptive of the scene,
And in them sighed for distant friends he loved,
And for his own dear native isle so green,
Yet paid a tribute to its banks beloved.

XXXV.

And here how oft do loitering footsteps come,
In pensive thought to view this shrine of fame,
So long endeared as once the poet's home,
Or bears at least the record of his name.
Here youth and beauty ling'ring near it stray,
To gaze upon its old and time-worn wall,
And with th' enchanted scene prolong their stay,
'Till evening's lengthened shadows o'er them fall.

XXXVI.

But dearer far than this romantic ground,
And treasured more than is its hallowed wall,
The keeping of Moore's tuneless harp is found,
To whom no worthier hand its fate could fall.[17]
Its tones of harmony, that once could blend
In tend'rest melody with passion wild,
Find now in their repose a happy end
With him, our city's honored friend and CHILD.

XXXVII.

Him, sage of Wootten—lover of mankind—
Our modern "Man of Ross"—Old John Kyrle's heir—
Where could the poet's harp in silence find
A nobler or a kindlier hand? or where
Its strings, to music now so rarely known,
That once th' enraptured song divine they sung,—
Last Rose of Summer, blooming all alone,—
Should honored be, though voiceless and unstrung?

XXXVIII.

Moore bade the city of our love adieu
With many compliments of sad regret,
And, journeying north and west, he stopped to view
That fine, romantic stream, where roar and fret
The tumbling waters of the Cohoes Falls;
And where, from rise of morn to set of sun,
Beneath their pine-clad shores' contracted walls,
He saw the mighty Mohawk waters run.[13]

XXXIX.

And by the Great Niagara's Falls he stood,
And saw the Great Lakes' waters down them hurled,
In one eternal vast and ceaseless flood,
The wonder of our new and Western world;
And eddying onward, in their gulf profound,
They swiftly glided to Ontario's breast,
And there in calm, extended, sweepless bound,
Unruffled by no breeze, they sank to rest.

A Wayside View, Bermuda Islands.

And in his odes, addressed to her so dear,
  And left as records of his love behind,
How many a verse, descriptive and so clear,
  Of fairy scenes within these isles we find.

Vide Stanza XXVIII.

XL.

And floating down the broad St. Lawrence tide,
  And through its Rapids and its Thousand Isles,
He heard the Indian spirits' voices chide
  Their race departed through the whiteman's wiles;
Nor longer gathered round their Council fire
  Their Chieftain warriors and their Sachems met,
Where to their ancient rights they might aspire,
  To strike the foe, or smoke the calumet.

XLI.

And on his way that fine Canadian song
  Adapted to the air his boatmen sung,
As adverse winds their voyage did prolong,
  And to the dipping oar their chorus rung;
As faintly tolled afar the evening chime,
  And on the distant shore the woods looked dim,
And they their voices to their oars kept time,
  Ere at St. Ann's they sang their parting hymn.[19]

XLII.

And sailing through its Gulf, to take his leave
  At Halifax of our far Western shore,
A fancy sketch of nature he did weave,
  One freak of nature more his eye explore;
As when at Deadman's Isle, a phantom bark,
  Its sails all set, albeit the wind was still,[20]
Like Flying Dutchman sailed through sun and dark,
  Impelled as by a demon's fateful will.

XLIII.

And reaching port, what triumph did he hail
The ship should bear him o'er the Atlantic main!
On board the *Boston*, wafted by her sail,
He soon should see his native land again!
There taste the fond endearments of the heart,
His father's smile, his mother's blissful pain,
The voice of sisters kind, from whom to part
He sighed might never be his lot again.

XLIV.

Of thee, Tom Moore, upon thy natal day,
More than the fullness of a century old,
This tribute to thy memory we pay,—
A glad remembrance to thy fame untold;
Thou who didst sing thy country's loveliest songs,
Enriching her with many an air of fame,
That speak her joys, her pleasures and her wrongs,
And link them with thine own enduring name.

XLV.

Didst honor her as of thy place of birth,
And with a patriot's heart, devoted, true,
Esteem her soil the fairest of the earth,
And in thy verse the pledge of love renew;
Her people by an alien crown oppressed,
That would their rights and privileges deny,
By absent lords her tenantry distressed,
Were woes, how often for them didst thou sigh!

XLVI.

And wert thou living now, still wouldst thou sigh
For thy sad country's torn, distracted state;
Her sons, the noblest, truest, best, that by
Imperial law endure the felon's fate!
The jails of Tullamore and Kilmainham,
What shame they tell of thy sad country's rule,
Of Britain's boasted freedom that's a sham,
Her habeas corpus that's the tyrant's tool!

XLVII.

Shades of the monarchs of thine olden times,
Of the O'Brien's and O'Connor's line,
For whom the bards once sang and wove their rhymes!
Canst thou behold thy sons in prisons pine,
And with th' inspiring spirit that is thine,
Speak not in voices to thy nobly great,
"Arise! let not oppression's chains confine
Our sons to a resistless, hapless fate!"

XLVIII.

Oh, how has perjured calumny's vile hate,
Enforced by all the majesty of law,
Suborned by power of a corrupted state,
Been foiled,—which only Heav'n itself foresaw!
And the accused, and noble counsel too,
Dispelling clouds of darkness as of night,
Bright honors for their land achieved anew,—
Alike for Ireland—and the cause of Right![21]

XLIX.

Fair Emerald Isle, encircled by the sea,
That gives to her a mild and genial clime,
A fruitful land, were it but only free,
And more than blest with nature's greenest smile;
How sad are seen her sons' contrasted state,
The stately hall beside the low thatched cot,
The lordling's pomp and peasant's poor estate,
That speak a country's sad, unhappy lot!

L.

The Shannon, with its spreading current strong,
And Brandon, Barron, Suir, and Lee beside,
Historic Boyle, that tells a tale of wrong,
Killarney's lakes that gleam in beauty wide,
And many a lough, and inlet from the sea,
And sweeping hills that lift their heads on high,
These make of her a land as fair can be,
Yet do her people for their freedom sigh.

LI.

Those patient people of her saintly isle,
Light-hearted may they be through every ill;
Though many be their cares, yet may they smile
That theirs are not the worst life's cup can fill;
While life and health are spared, still may they see
God's blessings fall upon their humble homes,
And with a soul devout, and reverently,
Thank Him for all the good that to them comes.

LII.

These sons in many lands have bravely fought
For England's glory and her widening power,
On many fields their blood has dearly bought
The hard-won victory of th' eventful hour;
And shall they now, from homes where they were born,
The lands they've cultured and their dwellings built,
Evicted be, and houseless from them torn,
By English laws accursed and stamped with guilt?

LIII.

That land of Grattan, Curran, Wellington;
Of Burke, O'Connell, Sheridan, Parnell;
Of Mrs. Hall and Lady Blessington;
Of Swift, Wolfe, Goldsmith, Moore,—these can she tell
Of famous statesmen, soldiers, scholars, who
Bespeak a race of rare and cultured worth,
And in their memory let their country do
What now the hour demands,—Home Rule sets forth.[22]

Philadelphia, May 28, 1889.

Notes to the Foregoing Poems.

Note 1, Stanza I.

Yet from her soil Antæus-like would rise.

Antæus was a fabulous giant, the son of Neptune and Terra, who was killed in a contest with Hercules. Every time his feet touched his mother earth he arose with renewed strength, and his opponent was obliged to strangle him in the air. See mythology.

The allusion to this mythological character is not inapplicable to the situation of Ireland to-day. So long as her people preserve a distinctive national character, and a foothold in their own country, and have the moral support of the enlightened world, she will continue to struggle until her Herculean opponent will desist from sheer exhaustion.

Note 2, Stanza VII.

Old Erin's Shamrock green, that of her land,
And bard, and chief, is symbol that is best.

Moore says in a note to his song, *O The Shamrock:* "St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil, or three-colored grass, in her hand." See Crowell & Co.'s edition of Moore (New York), p. 241.

Note 3, Stanza XI.

And Malachi and Brien Borohome's fame.

See Moore's notes to his song of

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader." Ibid., p. 223.

Note 4, Stanza XII.

Mononia is the ancient name of Munster. Ibid., p. 214.

Note 5, Stanza XII.

See Moore's notes to his song,—

"Remember the glories of Brien the brave."

"Brien Borohome, the great monarch of Ireland, was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements." Ibid, p. 214.

NOTE 6, Stanza XII.

See Moore's notes to his song of

O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni.

"They carried on (the wife of the prince, and MacMurchad, King of Leinster) a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark soon intended to go on a pilgrimage, and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. MacMurchad obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his castle of 'Ferns.' The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while MacMurchad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry II."

Ibid, p. 244.

"King Roderick was the last king of the native princes of Ireland, and his accession was in 1166. In 1172, Henry II. of England proceeded against Ireland, where he received the submission and oaths of the Irish princes. He constituted his youngest son, John, 'Lord of Ireland,' and designed to have made him king, having obtained the Pope's concurrence.

"From this period, to 1540, the kings of England governed Ireland under the title of 'Lords of Ireland,' but Henry VIII. styled himself 'King of Ireland,' which title has continued ever since."

See W. Toole's Chronological History, vol. i. pp. 36 and 39.

NOTE 7, Stanzas XV. and XVI.

That Teian Muse, of fair Ionia's isle,
Who dwelt at Samos with Polycrates.

"Anacreon, one of the most famous lyric poets of Greece, was born at Téos, in Ionia, and flourished about 500 B.C. Polycrates invited him to his court, and bestowed on him his friendship. * * * After the death of his protector, he went to Athens, where he met with the most distinguished reception from Hipparchus. The fall of the latter drove him from Athens, and probably he returned to Téos. But when Ionia revolted from Darius he fled to Abdera, where he passed a gay and happy old age, and died in his eighty-fifth year. * * * Of five books, there are sixty-eight poems remaining under the name of Anacreon. Among these criticism acknowledges but few as genuine." Zell's Popular Encyclopedia.

"The Abbé Spaletti, in 1781, published at Rome a fac-simile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the Odes of Anacreon." Moore's Preface to Anacreon.

NOTE 8, Stanza XVII.

As he self-exiled from his country roams.

"In 1818 Moore's deputy in Bermuda fled with the proceeds of a ship and cargo, leaving Moore answerable for £6000. This circumstance obliged him to leave England for a time, and to his enforced travels we owe 'Rhymes on the Road,' etc. When his affairs were settled, Moore returned to England." Memoir of Moore (Crowell & Co.), p. 12.

NOTE 9, Stanza XXV.

Where Pico lifts on high his cloudy head,
Or where the "still and vexed Bermoothes" ride.

Pico, which gives its name to one of the islands of the Azores, is a conical mountain which rises to about the height of seven thousand feet, and seen from a distance seems to rise directly out of the sea. In Moore's Epistle to Viscount Strangford, he says:

"The only envious cloud that towers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height." Ibid., p. 113.

NOTE 10, Stanza XXV.

Moore says in his note to his third Epistle: "Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda—'the still vexed Bermoothes'—has for a poetic eye we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and that here he conjured up the 'delicate Ariel.'" Ibid., p. 129.

Sir George Somers, with a fleet of ten vessels, was wrecked on the Bermuda islands in 1609, on his way to Virginia, and, after repairing two of his ships, he completed his voyage the following year. The settlement made by a portion of his crew at this time, with such animals as were wrecked with them, constituted the basis of England's sovereignty to the Somers' or Bermuda Islands. Shakespeare's *Tempest* is identified as connected with these islands from the expression used by Ariel, in Act I., Scene 2, when he says:

"Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid."

Prospero's cell, as mentioned in the play, is at the present day identified with a beautiful grotto, containing two large vaulted chambers, with several large regular columns, numerous stalactites and stalagmites, and other formations incident to the percolation of waters through superincumbent calcareous or limestone beds, and is located on Tucker's Island, in Port Royal Bay. There is also another grotto or cave in the parish of Somerset, west end of the islands, known as *Caliban's*, and of a very dismal character. THE WRITER.

NOTE 11, Stanza XXVI.

And here officially the Poet roved,
And for a season lingered in these isles.

"In 1803, Moore obtained an appointment at Bermuda as Registrar to the Court of Admiralty. He proceeded thither the next year, but finding the duties of the post uncongenial, he appointed a deputy to do the work in his stead; and, after traveling over part of America, he returned to England, greatly disabused of the republican visions which had haunted his boyhood and youth. In 1806, Moore published his *Odes and Epistles*, which contain poetical satires on America, and poems relating to the same country." Memoir of Moore. Ibid., p. 11.

NOTE 12, Stanza XXVII.

She, favorite of his stay, his 'Nea' dear,—
To her he many a beauteous tribute paid.

See his some dozen or more *Odes to* "*Nea*." Ibid., pp. 136 to 143.

'*Nea*," the subject of so many of the poet's fine odes, was a member of a well-known and influential family, long resident in the islands; and to the stranger and visitor several localities of much beauty and interest are pointed out as associated with the two; notably that of the *Lovers' Cottage*, and that of the *Calabash tree*, the latter on a little islet, with only a narrow belt of salt-water disconnecting it from the main shore, on the Port Royal Bay side, not far from Hamilton, and in the centre of a deep surrounding shade of the native red-cedar, and exotic trees and plants characteristic of the islands. Not many years ago, a rude bench, having a support for the back, and of considerable length, stood beneath this tree, and on it, it was stated, the poet and Nea had often sat. Of course the writer of this note did not fail to enjoy a quiet rest in so pleasant a spot, and which had been hallowed by the presence of genius.

NOTE 13, Stanza XXIX.

That ranked our statesmen with the Mohawk brave,
As very rude, uncultured, and uncouth.

"Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all,
From the rude wigwam to the Congress hall,
From man the savage, whether slaved or free,
To man the civilized, less tame than he,
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife,
Betwixt half-polished and half-barbarous life."

Moore's Epistle to Hon. W. R. Spencer. Ibid., p. 185.

NOTE 14, Stanza XXX.

"Benjamin Franklin said: 'The bulk of the people are tenants, extremely poor, living in the most sordid wretchedness, in dirty hovels of mud and straw, and clothed in rags. * * * Had I never been in the American colonies, but were to form my

judgment of civil society by what I have lately seen, I should never advise a nation of savages to admit of civilization. * * * Compared to these people, every Indian is a gentleman, and the effect of this kind of civilization seems to be the depressing multitudes below the savage state, that a few may be raised above it.' "

O'Connor and McWade's (Gladstone-Parnell) and the Great Irish Struggle, p. 336.

NOTE 15, Stanza XXXI.

See *Ballad of the Lake of the Dismal Swamp.*

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp,
For a soul so warm and true." Moore. Ibid, p. 126.

NOTE 16, Stanza XXXIII.

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh." Moore. Ibid., p. 170.

NOTE 17, Stanza XXXVI.

But dearer far than this romantic ground,
And treasured more than is its hallowed wall,
The keeping of Moore's tuneless harp is found,
To whom no worthier hand its fate could fall.

See cut of Moore's harp on frontispiece, by kind permission of Geo. W. Childs, Esq.

NOTE 18, Stanza XXXVIII.

"From rise of moon till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run." Moore. Ibid., p. 181.

NOTE 19, Stanza XLI.

Moore's *Canadian Boat Song.*

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past." Ibid., p. 198.

NOTE 20, Stanza XLII.

Moore's song of the *Phantom Bark.*

"Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill." Ibid., p. 204.

NOTE 21, Stanza XLVIII.

"This inquiry will not only vindicate individuals, but it will remove all misconception of the character, action, and motives of the Irish people and their leaders. It will set earnest, honest minds to thinking, and will hasten true union, and effect a true reconciliation. It will dispel the mighty cloud that has darkened the history of a noble race and dimmed the glory of a mighty empire." Sir Charles Russell's speech, in the Parnell and *Times* case, April 12, 1889.

NOTE 22, Stanza LIII.

"The Irish" (says Blackie & Son's Imperial Gazetteer), "though both indolent and fickle, are warm-hearted, hospitable, generous, brave, and intellectual. When their natural feelings have not been poisoned, deeds, even of heroic virtue, are as common among them as among any people in the world; and in the contest for fame, what race can boast of having produced a nobler band of military heroes, statesmen, orators, and poets?"

"Ireland is no sand-bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honored in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organizations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by wind, and sun, and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the PAST, we are a thriftless and hopeless people."

DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

PROPHETIC LINES.

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, oh, my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around thee, ere the sun blaze
Break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
As a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence,
That have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises,
When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor,
When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
Of thy exiled sons returning!

I should hear, though dead and mouldered, and the
grave damps
Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud and
quiver,
As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere-clothes 'round me,
Giant sinews I should borrow,
Crying, "Oh, my brothers, I have also loved her
In her loneliness and sorrow!

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story:
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

—*By the late Fanny Parnell.*

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